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# THE COLPORTEUR'S COMMISSION:

A TRACT FOR THE TIMES.  
IN SEVERAL SCRIPTURAL HYMNS,  
BY HENRY KEELING.

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*Respectfully dedicated to the Churches and Armies of the  
Southern Confederacy, Richmond, Va. Nov. 1862.*

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## NO 1. THE COMMISSION.

Matthew, xxviii : 19 20 ; Luke xvi: 21 23 ; John X: 1 29.\*

- 1 Go forth my friends, and find,  
Where e'er a wanderer strays,  
And seize him in your arms, and bind,  
And bring to wisdom's ways.
- 2 For, many a sheep I have,  
Beyond this present fold,  
And every one I'm come to save,  
With other price than gold.
- 3 The world belongs to me :  
My Father mine hath given :  
One fold and Shepherd, we must be,  
Within the gates of heaven.
- 4 From superstition vain,  
And vile idolatry,  
From sin and error's guilty chain,  
I come my own to free,

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\* The reader will please read the references, and it were better to commit them to memory.

- 5 That they may ever live,  
With me in cloudless day,  
My life, the price, I freely give.  
The ransom down I pay.
  - 6 But labor must be done,  
If we the lost would bring,  
To dwell with God round the throne,  
In rapture there to sing.
  - 7 Then go my friends, and find,  
Where e'er a wanderer strays,  
And seize him in your arms, and bind,  
And bring to wisdom's ways.
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NO. 2. OUR LORD'S PRAYER.—Mat. vi: 9—13.

- 1 To thee, our heavenly Father,  
We, children of thy care,  
Our adoration offer,  
—In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 Thy glorious name we hallow,  
Nor utter once in vain,  
Lest thy displeasure follow,  
The word or thought profane.
- 3 The kingdom long expected,  
Of thine Anointed One,  
In prophecy predicted,  
May it in glory come.
- 4 As in the highest heaven,  
On earth thy will be done,  
Shown in example given,  
Of thy beloved Son.
- 5 From that abundance freely  
On all thy creatures shed.

Give us our portion daily,  
Of raiment and of bread.

6 Th' offences we've committed  
Do thou O Lord forgive,  
As we've ourselves remitted  
The offences we receive.

7 In sore temptation ever,  
Confer enduring power,  
Or from the snare deliver,  
In Satan's trying hour.

8 And when the Gospel story  
Is known through every clime,  
The Kingdom, Power and Glory,  
Shall be forever thine.

### NO. 3. THE DECALOGUE.—Exodus xx

1st.

1 The worship due from thine and thee,  
Pay not to other Gods than me.  
I am Jehovah, I alone,  
And claim the homage due my throne.

2nd

2 No graven image shalt thou make,  
Though thou from heaven the likeness take

3rd.

In worship only, use my name  
Elsewhere to speak it is profane

4th and 5th.

3 Remember well the Sabbath day.  
To both thy parents honor pay.

6th and 7th.

Thou shalt not take another's life.  
Nor wrong a husband nor a wife.

8th.

- 4 Thy neighbor's goods thou shalt not use,  
Unless he shall permit and choose.

9th and 10th.

Of others do not falsely speak,  
Nor what is their's unjustly seek.

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### REWARD AND PENALTY.

- 5 Attention to these statutes give,  
Obey and thou shalt surely live.  
Transgress them and thy soul must die.  
O'erwhelmed with vengeance from on high.
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### NO. 4. THE GOSPEL INVITATION ACCEPTED BY THE SOUL.—Mat. xi: 28--30.

- 1 Come hither ye weary, and hearken to me;  
All ye heavy laden, with burden oppressed,  
My promise I make you, from burden to free:  
For I'm meek and lowly and I'll give you rest.
- 2 My yoke, it is easy, when once you shall learn  
Of me, and shall wear it in ways that are right;  
My burden not heavy, when willingly borne,  
And they who so bear it, must find it is light.
- 4 From me, and salvation remaining away,  
The world must forever continue unblest.  
With me for its portion—come whatever may,  
From burden and labor, the soul findeth rest.
- 4 And when life is over, its labor all done,  
In mansions in heaven remaineth a rest.  
Above with the Father, the Spirit, the Son,  
Where souls dwell forever, immortally blest.
- 5 To thee, my Redeemer, most gladly I come,  
For life and salvation through thy name alone,  
A sinner convicted and sentenced to die,  
Through thee to the Father, in mercy brought nigh.

- 6 To whom, my Redeemer, to whom but to thee,  
In peril and sorrow, may penitents flee:  
For thou art the only, the true living way,  
From darkness and ruin, to unclouded day.
- 7 Thou art my Redeemer, though great be the cost,  
Nor will thy grace suffer the soul to be lost  
That looks for salvation in thy name alone,  
Wherein is all merit, for sin to atone.
- 8 Thy lips shall instruct me in wisdom and grace,  
Thy precepts command me in all righteousness,  
Thy pattern shall guide me to make known abroad,  
The love that restoreth lost sinners to God.
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NO. 5. THE CHRISTIAN PATRIOT'S PRAYER.—Ps. lxxx

- 1 Incline to us, thy gracious ear,  
O God, attentive to our prayer,  
And hither reach thy mighty arm,  
Our country to defend from harm.
- 2 This beauteous land, to own and have,  
Thy goodness to our fathers gave,  
A vast inheritance and free,  
To be devoted Lord to thee.
- 3 And now the wild-boar rushes forth,  
In frantic fury from the North,  
Our vines and olive trees to spoil,  
Our hearths and temples to defile.
- 4 Drive back these murderous hosts that come  
To rob us of our land and home,  
And let us still in safety sit  
Beneath our fig trees, near thy feet
- 5 Our own the blessings, thine the praise,  
For all thy wondrous works and ways.

Ourselves and offspring evermore,  
Thyself will honor and adore.

- 6 While mountains on their bases stand  
May this be Great Immanuel's land,  
Thy faithfulness and truth to show,  
Till all the earth thy name shall know

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.—Phil. vi: 11—18

- 1 Full clad in Gospel armor,  
Bright helmet, sword and shield,  
Faith marches forth to conquer,  
Undaunted to the field.

- 2 Fierce battle must be given,  
Till victory be complete,  
Opposing forces driven,  
In hopeless dire defeat.

- 3 All secret foes, and open,  
Of every rank and name,  
Must routed be, and broken,  
And prisoner made, or slain.

- 1 'Tis not with mere mortals, believers make war  
But spirits of darkness in every high place;  
Of earth all around us, and worlds distant far,  
Who seek to destroy us, or mark with disgrace.

- 2 Divine is the armor, nor ever can fail  
In which we move forward, with ample supplies;  
And wielded which valor, the foe to assail,  
Or captured, or conquered, before us he flies.

- 3 Rich truth for a girdle, with gospel peace shod,  
Bright hope for a helmet, and faith for a shield;  
A breast-plate all righteous, sword pure word of God,  
Did ever such soldier go forth to the field?



- 4 The world, flesh and Satan, a mighty host are :  
 But Omniscience sees us, and favors the just ;  
 Truth never was vanquished, supported by prayer.  
 Our captain is Jesus, and triumph we must.
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No. 7. THE CHRISTIAN SAILOR.—Heb. vi : 19—20.

- 1 Through grace believers sail,  
 From port of sin and death,  
 To endless life within the vail,  
 On voyage of hope and faith.
  - 2 Bright hope from living faith,  
 Not knowing doubt or dread,  
 Believing all the Captain saith,  
 Sees only land ahead.
  - 3 This hope from day to day,  
 Increasing, stronger grows,  
 As onward through her shining way,  
 Our barque advancing goes.
  - 4 The gentlest breeze that blows,  
 The wildest storms that rise,  
 Waft to the land of sweet repose,  
 To joy that never dies.
  - 5 And when the voyage is o'er,  
 And heaven itself possest,  
 Nor faith, nor hope, is needed more,  
*That* is the port of rest.
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No. 8. THE REFUGEE'S LAMENT.—Ps. cxxxvii.

- 1 Suspended, on that willow,  
 Henceforth in silence be,  
 Dear harp of tones so mellow,  
 And soothing once to me.



- 2 Thy land by robbers taken,  
And we in exile fled,  
What earthly power can waken,  
Or raise thee from the dead.
- 3 Although I should endeavor,  
My every nerve to strain,  
My palsied fingers never  
Could touch thy chords again.
- 4 Lost now to mirth and gladness,  
Beside these waters deep;  
My heart is doomed in sadness,  
Both day and night to weep.
- 5 When back from this vile bondage,  
We both are home restored ;  
Our raptures will acknowledge,  
The goodness of the Lord.
- 6 Till then, hung on that willow,  
Thy strings must silent be,  
Dear harp of tones so mellow  
And soothing once to me.

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